

## JEFFRIES SURE IS IN FINE CONDITION

dis Seven Round Work Out With Sam  
Berger Last Night Proved This.

Crowd While not Large Was Most Or-  
derly and They Saw the Ring's Great-  
est Performer in Action.

Maybe Mr. James J. Jeffries, unde-  
feated champion of the world isn't in  
fine shape. If he intends to be better  
and stronger for Johnson than he was  
last night at Smith's theatre, under  
the auspices of the Stratford Athletic  
Club, Sam Berger, his sparring part-  
ner, would do well to suggest that  
they stop sparring and that a carload  
of steel rails be brought in for the  
champion to bend and break across  
his chest and knees. If "Misther John-  
son" could have seen the California  
grizzly bear in action last night he  
surely would turn white.

There was not a large crowd to  
greet the champion but it was a very  
orderly gathering, and there was a  
scattering of the fair sex in the audi-  
ence. The latter came out of curiosi-  
ty to see this trojan who has been  
called back to the prize ring after he  
had retired to the affairs of the  
scapes of all the big scrapers dangling  
from his belt. All of the pictures of  
Jeffries in which he is shown to be as  
fat as Mayor Tom Johnson's head  
land, are not pictures of the Jeff who  
appeared here last night, and everyone  
who left the theatre last night, said  
he was undoubtedly the greatest man  
in the world.

Jeff and Berger went seven short  
rounds to the great enjoyment of the  
crowd. It was a twenty-foot ring and  
it seemed as though there was not a  
single place in it where Berger could  
stand without the champion reaching  
him. The foot work of the big man  
was what attracted the attention of  
the men in the audience who had never  
attended a boxing exhibition before,  
but who came to see the champion.  
He was as quick as a cat and to see  
this towering giant prance about with  
the agility of a healthy school girl  
skipping rope was marvelous.

When Jeff entered the ring there was  
a wild cheer and Sam Berger made  
a speech stating that there was a  
mistake made when it was announced  
that he and Jeff were to box six three-  
minute rounds as the champion had  
intended to box three rounds only. He  
said that they could still through the  
rounds and stay as long as they want-  
ed, but in order that the audience  
would see some boxing, he and the  
champion would box six two minute  
rounds. After they got started the  
boxed seven lively rounds, because the  
time keeper became so excited watch-  
ing the boxing that he could not keep  
whether the fifth round was the fourth  
or the fifth. Berger said he would bet  
a thousand it was the fifth, but Jeff  
who was having a lot of fun jabbing  
his sparring partner said, "What's the  
difference?"

Before the bout started there were  
cries of speech, and the big fellow  
stepped to the center of the ring and  
said: "I suppose I must say something.  
I will say one thing and that is after  
several weeks of training I am sat-  
isfied that I will get in as good condi-  
tion as I ever was in my life, and  
when the right time comes I will  
deliver the goods."

In the first round when Jeff brought  
his left over onto Berger's jaw in a  
playful manner, a voice was heard to  
say, "Mr. Jeffries, Mr. Johnson wants  
you on the telephone."

Sam Berger would weigh over 200  
pounds as he appeared in the ring last  
night, and yet there were three times  
in the break where the champion  
lifted him off his feet and set  
him down as lightly as he would a  
small boy.

Jeff boxed in earnest and when he  
had finished he was not winded in the  
least, holding conversations with a  
number of admirers immediately after  
the bout.

In the neighborhood of 100 people  
waited outside the theatre for the  
purpose of getting a look at the cham-  
pion without paying an admission.  
Shortly after 8 o'clock a coupe rolled  
down Main street with a big man  
seated inside. The kids spied him and  
they shouted, "There's Jeff—there's  
the champ."

Several adults joined in taking a peep  
into the moving coupe and said, "Gee,  
he has certainly got some weight to  
take off." Five policemen were needed  
to beat the crowd back from the car-  
riage when it stopped in front of the  
theatre. There was danger of not in-  
vehicle and the horse drawing it being  
lifted in the air, if it was not for the  
cops who beat a path for the champion.

The door of the theatre was pulled  
open and out came Fritz Hart-  
man, major domo at Bullen's hotel,  
who was accompanied by his brother-  
in-law, Jimmy Butler. Fritz had been  
laid up with rheumatism in his feet  
so he rode to the theatre. Jeffries  
had been in the theatre for over an  
hour at the time. The outside crowd  
which wanted something violent for  
their money, went to Seaside park to  
hear the first hand contest of the sea-  
son. There were three snappy prelimi-  
nary bouts between local amateurs.

The first go was a three round barn-  
dance between Young McGuire of this  
city and Young Teddy of South Nor-  
walk. The South Norwalk boy was the  
cleverest of the two and little  
damage was done to McGuire, as he  
spent most of his time covering up.

The second go, another three round  
affair with Kid Hassett and Young  
Ross, both of this city, was one of  
the prettiest preliminaries ever pulled  
off. Hassett pulled off a stunt three  
times during the go that made a tre-  
mendous hit with the crowd. He  
shifted his position after boxing half  
the round, leading with his right and  
whipping the left over to Ross' jaw  
each time that he tried it. After  
each feint with the right he put his  
left foot out and taking one step for-  
ward he brought the left mitt across  
under the jaw. Both boys boxed clean  
and they were warmly applauded when  
they finished.

The last of the preliminaries was a  
four round bout between Hank Griffin  
and Young Lange. Griffin had the  
best of it in weight and boxed with a  
crouch, delivering powerful blows  
when he pushed forward. Lange, who  
is a graceful and clever boxer, waited  
around Griffin and peppered him with  
light blows and made a mark out of  
him as a boxer. Frank Brattine  
made the announcements and intro-  
duced the talent. Jeffries was given  
a most cordial reception throughout.

**CASTORIA.**  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Beware the  
Signature

**MARRIED.**  
MAHER—GLYNN.—In Stamford, June  
16, Miss Margaret Glynn and Rich-  
ard Maher.

**DIED.**  
GREGORY.—In Stamford, June 16,  
Francis H. Gregory, aged 78 years.  
LEACH.—In Danbury, June 16, Anna  
S. Dunning, wife of Franklin N.  
Leach, aged 41 years.  
McCORMICK.—In Westport, June 14,  
Mrs. Ellen McCormick.  
PATRICK.—In Norwalk, June 16,  
Helen A. widow of Minot S. Pat-  
rick, aged 79 years.

### Their Excessive Grief.

Lord Brampton related that once  
while he was plain John Hawkins he  
defended a man for wife murder. The  
prisoner's two children, dressed in  
black and sobbing violently, were in  
court, and their grief and the lawyer's  
eloquent speech combined to acquit the  
defendant. That evening at dinner he  
met an old inhabitant of the neighbor-  
hood, who complimented him upon his  
speech. "However," he added, "I think  
that if you had seen what I did when  
driving past the prisoner's cottage last  
week you would not have painted the  
home in such glowing colors. The little  
children who sobbed so violently in  
court this morning and to whom you  
made such pathetic reference were  
playing on an ash heap near their cot-  
tage, and they had a poor cat with a  
string round its neck swinging back-  
ward and forward, and as they did so  
they sang:

"This is the way poor daddy will go,  
This is the way poor daddy will go!  
"Such, Mr. Hawkins, were their ex-  
cessive grief."

### Bengalese Superstitions.

Among the Bengalese it is said that  
shouting the name of the king of  
birds (garunda) drives away snakes.  
Shouting "Ram! Ram!" drives away  
ghosts. However, attacks on Mon-  
day or Saturday always prove fatal.  
Cholera that attacks on Thursday never  
ends fatally. The flowering of the  
bamboo means famine. In fanning if  
the fan strike the body it should be  
instantly knocked three times against  
the ground. When giving aims the  
giver and receiver should both be on  
the same side of the threshold. It is  
bad to pick one's teeth with the nails.  
If a snake be killed it should imme-  
diately be burned, for all serpents that  
are so unwise as to permit of having  
their lives taken are inhabited by the  
souls of Brahmins, which hope thus to  
escape and work mischief. The words  
"snake" and "tiger" should never be  
used after nightfall. Call them "creep-  
ers" and "insects." Never awaken a  
sleeping physician. Morning dreams  
always come true.

### Women Slaves In Palestine.

In Palestine the mother of men is the  
servant of men. Being a part of the  
household chattels, she is sold for as  
large a sum as her father can extort  
from the prospective bridegroom. She  
is a thing, a piece of goods. The father  
of a firstborn son proudly calls himself  
after the boy's name, but his girl babe  
is not reckoned among his children.  
Her infant shoulders learn to bear the  
burdens. Her little feet patter their  
way to the fountain even from the mo-  
ment their tiny strength can support  
the weight of the jar. Her whole life  
is one of grinding, baking, fetching  
water, waiting upon others. At twelve  
she is sold into married service. Grow-  
ing old in a middle life, she may see her  
self supplanted by a younger wife, of-  
ten being robbed of her sons by the  
military conscription, and finally she  
is put away as the last breath is leav-  
ing her body.—Corwin Knapp Linson  
in Metropolitan Magazine.

### Trees Which Cause Headache.

A curious member of the vegetable  
kingdom has been discovered in the far  
east. It is a species of acacia which  
grows to a height of about eight feet  
and when full grown closes its leaves  
together in curls each day at sunset  
and curls its twigs in the form of a  
pistol. After the tree has settled itself  
in this way for a night's sleep, like  
most sleepers, it objects to being dis-  
turbed. If touched it will flutter as if  
agitated and impatient at the interrup-  
tion of its slumbers. The oftener the  
foliage is molested the more violent be-  
comes the shaking of the branches, and  
at length the tree emits a nauseating  
odor, which if inhaled for a few mo-  
ments will cause a violent headache.

### Stopped the Rain.

In the sixteenth century, it is alleged,  
there was a successful effort made to  
stop rain by the use of gunpowder.  
Benvenuto Cellini tells us in his  
memoirs that when Margaret of Aus-  
tria entered Rome it rained heavily.  
"I pointed several large pieces of ar-  
tillery in the direction where the  
clouds were thickest and whence a delu-  
ge of water was already pouring;  
then when I began to fire the rain  
stopped, and at the fourth discharge  
the sun shone out."

### Would Have Use For His Eyes.

"Want to get off again, do you?"  
roared the boss. "This will be the  
sixth time you've been off this week.  
What's the trouble now?"

"I want to get my eyes examined,"  
sullenly replied the clerk.

"Well, get 'em carefully examined  
while you're about it. You'll be look-  
ing for work after Saturday night."—  
Pittsburg Post.

### The Little Things.

Life is made up of little things—  
words, acts, duties, pleasures. They  
come to us one after another, calling  
us out of ourselves, or seem to rush  
hurriedly past us, and they leave an  
impression on our spirit, and our charac-  
ters are made or marred by their influ-  
ence.—Rev. B. Lowry.

### Took Away Her Opportunity.

"What's the matter with your wife?"  
"Oh, I've just acknowledged that I  
made a fool of myself in lending Ham-  
mersley \$25, and she's mad because  
there's no chance to go on arguing  
about it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

### A Big Difference.

"I hear she is to marry an old fellow  
with a million dollars."  
"Her idea is that she's going to marry  
a million dollars with an old fellow  
attached."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Riches have wings, and grandeur is a  
dream.—Cooper.

### The Soul of the Tailor.

The soul of the craftsman can ex-  
press itself more fully and clearly in  
tailoring than in any other trade. If  
the tailor's thoughts are poetic, he can  
issue pastorals in colors that are  
charmingly suggestive of hillside or  
meadow, foliage or waving grain. He  
can make his overcoats speak of bleak  
December, his dress suits of frolic and  
festivities, his frock coats of dignity  
and wealth, his cutaways of self con-  
tent and his sacks of strenuousness,  
and he can make his waistcoats fling  
like limericks, his trousers sing of sun-  
shine or of rain and mud, his spring  
suits chortle of hope and joy and his

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### TO THE PUBLIC:

We desire to formally announce that we have sold our  
shoe business at 1005 Main Street, in this city. We have been  
located in this store for the past fourteen years, and we cor-  
dially thank the residents of Bridgeport and vicinity for their  
extensive and liberal patronage during this entire period.

We have accepted a very advantageous offer for our lease  
and have concluded arrangements of sale with Mr. F. D. Wet-  
more representing the Walkover Shoe Company, and this Com-  
pany will soon occupy the store. The Walkover shoe is well  
and favorably known in this city, and in fact throughout the  
entire country, the name everywhere indicating style and qual-  
ity combined with reasonableness of price.

We bespeak for our successors the same favor that has al-  
ways been accorded to us.

HOLBROOK & McNAMARA

summer suits prattle of flowers. If he

is an artist, he can make overcoat, un-  
dercoat, waistcoat or trousers seem a  
sensuous haze, a reverie in color, a  
riot of action or a vigorous portrayal  
of conflicting emotions in a declamatory  
field of desolation, and if he is a mu-  
sician he can impart to his sartorial  
creations an expression that suggests  
the bleating of a lamb, the clashing of  
cymbals, the rattat of a drum, the  
ragtime movement of a cakewalk, the  
wail of despair, the shout of triumph,  
the roar of a lion or the bray of an ass.  
—Sartorial Art Journal.

### The Poison of Dishonesty.

It is astonishing how men will play  
with the poison of dishonesty, which is  
so insidious at first, which intoxicates  
and stimulates one, but paralyzes and  
kills later. If every youth were only  
taught that to be successful a man  
must be greater than his occupation,  
that his character must not be for sale  
at any price, that he will always be  
rich so long as he retains it and just in  
proportion to its strength and integrity,  
and weak and unhappy and a failure,  
no matter how much money he may  
have, just in proportion to the weak-  
ness of his character; if he only started  
out with the conviction that only one  
real failure is possible, and that is the  
loss of self respect, the barter of one's  
character, either for pleasure or for  
money; if the youth were only taught  
that he cannot afford to deceive even a  
little bit in the quality of goods he is  
selling or in the quality of the service  
he is giving, what a revolution would  
come to our civilization!—Success.

### Saved the Carriage.

In his "Reminiscences of an Irish  
Land Agent" the author, Sam Hulse,  
tells of one of the earliest private car-  
riages used in Kerry: "The vehicle in  
question had just been purchased by a  
certain Miss Mullins, who regarded it  
on its arrival with almost sacred awe.  
A dance in the neighborhood seemed  
an appropriate opportunity for im-  
pressing the county with her newly ac-  
quired grandeur; but, the night proving  
wet, she insisted on reverting to a for-  
mer mode of progression and rode pil-  
lions behind her coachman. The result  
was that she caught a violent chill,  
which turned to pneumonia. When her  
relatives were assembled round her  
deathbed the old lady exclaimed be-  
tween her last gasps for breath: 'Thank  
goodness I never took out the carriage  
that wet night!'"

WANT AD. CENT A WORD.

### A Story of Tom Marshall.

Tom Marshall, Kentucky's famous  
wit, attended a phrenologist's lecture  
one night. Marshall had been drinking,  
and when he returned to his hotel after  
the lecture he drank more. The drink  
gave him belief in his phrenological  
powers, and he declared that he could  
"read" heads as well as the lecturer.  
So it was decided to test his skill upon  
some of the guests of the hotel. Both  
ladies and gentlemen assembled in the  
parlor, and Marshall, who knew most  
of them, furnished an hour's uproari-  
ous fun by hitting off their failings.  
When he had finished an empty headed  
dandy whose head had not been exam-  
ined loudly and pompously called at-  
tention to the fact that Marshall had  
neglected him. "I beg your pardon,  
sir," said Marshall, "but you must re-  
ally excuse me, I am too drunk to read  
small print by candlelight."—Argo-  
naut.

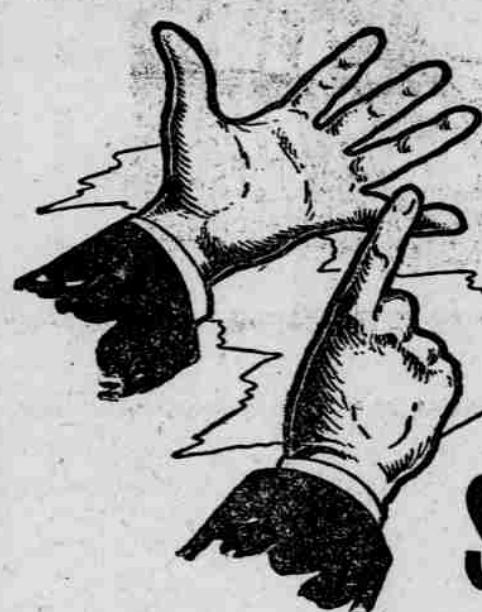
### Caterpillars of Silk.

In the salween forest of Sikim, in the  
tropical gorge of the Teesta, is one of  
the breeding grounds of the myriad  
butterflies that swarm over the coun-  
try. A famous traveler says that in  
May and until the middle of June the  
tender leaves of the great sal-trees are  
literally alive with voracious caterpil-  
lars. The presence of these caterpillars  
in such overwhelming numbers is ex-  
plained by the fact that they are dis-  
tasteful to birds. Fowls that were offer-  
ed them rejected them after a trial  
with disgust and went on wiping their  
bills for some time afterward. There  
are two species, one a bright coral and  
the other green with stripes. They can  
break their fall from the tall trees by  
letting themselves down on long silky  
threads.

### What Becomes of Pins.

Although we are told when the ques-  
tion is asked, 'What becomes of pins?'  
that they fall to the earth and become  
terrapins, a gentleman has gone to  
some trouble to find out that this is not  
so and to give us the correct answer.  
He has found that pins are resolved in-  
to dust. Hairpins which he watched  
for 154 days disappeared by rusting  
away at the end of that time. Bright  
pins took nearly eight months to dis-  
appear, polished steel needles nearly  
two years and a half; brass pins had  
little endurance; steel pens were nearly  
gone at the end of eighteen months,  
though their wooden holders were still  
intact.

Advertise in the Farmer.



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FRESH, CLEAN AND CRISP  
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| GUN METAL STRAP PUMPS . . . . .               | \$2.85         |
| PATENT LEATHER STRAP PUMPS . . . . .          | \$2.85         |
| WHITE SUEDE ECLIPSE TIES . . . . .            | \$2.85         |
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